

WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

DAVID FULTON, Editor.

OUR COUNTRY, LIBERTY, AND GOD.

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TERMS
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WILMINGTON JOURNAL:

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Letters to the proprietors on business connected with this establishment, must be post paid. OFFICE on the south-east corner of Front and Princess streets, opposite the Bank of the State.

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OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
Neatly executed and with dispatch, on liberal terms for cash, at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

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Of every description may be had at the office of the "Journal," as cheap as can be procured in the State, for cash. Any blanks wanted, and not on hand, will be printed at the shortest possible notice.

GEORGE W. DAVIS,
COMMISSION & FORWARDING
MERCHANT,
LONDON'S WHARF, WILMINGTON, N. C.
Oct. 4th, 1844. 3-ly

WILLIAM COOKE,
Receiving and Forwarding Agent,
AND
General Commission Merchant,
Next door North of the New Custom-house,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

GILLESPIE & ROBESON,
AGENTS
For the sale of Timber, Lumber, and all other kinds of Produce.
Oct. 20, 1844. 41-ly

ROBERT S. BARKER,
Auctioneer & Commission Merchant,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

Liberal advances made on shipments to his friends in New York.
September 22, 1844. 37-ly

JOHN HALL,
COMMISSION MERCHANT
Second brick building on Water, South of Mulberry Street, up stairs.

HAS FOR SALE
CASKS fresh Thomstown Lime,
Western Bacon, in hogheads,
BBLS, Mess Pork,
10 " N. O. Molasses.
Sept. 27, 1844. 1-ly

WINDOW SHADINGS—BLINDS AND DOORS.
THE subscriber is agent for one of the best manufacturers at the North, and will receive orders for the above named articles, which will be boxed up and delivered on board of vessels in New York, at the LOWEST PRICES, and at short notice. Persons about to contract for buildings, will find it to their interest to call and examine prices before sending their orders abroad.
GUY C. HOTCHKISS.
Sept. 27, 1844. 1-ly

Candles
25 BOXES Fayetteville mould Candles, just received, per steamer Wm. B. Meares. For sale by GEO. W. DAVIS.
Oct. 10, 1844.

In Store.
25 HHDS. prime Leaf Tobacco,
25 Bls. Porto Rico Sugar,
10 Bls. prime Porto Rico Molasses,
10 Tierces Salmon,
20 Hds. Grate Coal.
For sale low by GEO. W. DAVIS.
Oct. 10, 1844.

Feathers.
3000 LBS. live Geese Feathers, in bags from 10 to 100 lbs., just received per steamer Wm. B. Meares. For sale by GEO. W. DAVIS.
Oct. 10, 1844.

WAX.
2000 LBS. Yellow Bees Wax, a prime article, just received, per steamer Wm. B. Meares. For sale by GEO. W. DAVIS.
Oct. 10, 1844.

LOST.
ON the night of the 1st inst., a small leather Pocket Book, containing four Checks on the State Bank, drawn by the following persons, and for the following sums, viz:
Jno. Hill, for \$83 06
Neff & Warner, for 25 09
R. G. Rankin, for 23 66
Wm. L. Smith, for 120 00
and two Orders and one Due Bill, which are of no value to any person except the owner. Also, some Bank Bills. Any person finding the same will be liberally rewarded by R. FENNER.
October 4th, 1844. 3-ly

PERFUMED MATCHES.
Prepared without Sulphur, Wholesale or Retail.
PATENT SEALING WAX.
That Burns without a Light, (various colors).
SUPERIOR LAMP and FAINT OILS.
Just received and will be sold cheap by Wm. SHAW.

Family Flour.
30 BBLS and 30 half-bbls, superfine Canal Flour,
3 HHDS. Molasses, received this day, per steamer Samuel Ingham, from New York, and for sale by WM. COOKE.
September 16th, 1844.

From the Richmond Enquirer.

The last Will and Testament of H. CLAY!

We have received within the last three days not less than three letters from "the complete Letter-writer." One of these was certainly not intended for the public eye. It is the extraordinary private letter to C. M. Clay, which we publish this morning, with the scathing stricture of the N. York Democrat. It shows with what eagerness the "aspiring and moon-reaching Clay" is pursuing the game of ambition—how anxiously he watches the vane of popular sentiment, and seeks to accommodate his opinions to every section of the country.—It is impossible for one, who has always given Mr. Clay some credit, amid all his defeats, for moral firmness, and a decided character—to see the twistings and turnings of the political Proteus without astonishment and contempt. The 2d letter was addressed to Dr. Moore of Georgia, partly intended for the private eye of his friends, but wrung from his correspondent by the publications of Mr. Holsey. It touches his former course about the right of Congress to emancipate the slaves of the District—and Mr. H. uses up this letter so as to present Mr. Clay in parallel columns, in opposition to himself at different periods of his course.

But the letter of all the letters is the last, from the National Intelligencer. He swears at last, that it is to be his last—that is, the last intended for the public eye. He says, that he doubted at first the propriety of answering any letters upon any new questions—that he still doubts the propriety—and vows, that this is to be the last letter he will write for the public eye. We must, therefore, regard it as the last strain of the dying swan—and unfortunately for the mistle, it is not the sweetest, but the most ridiculous and shameless of all his notes. Pity it is, indeed, for his present prospects, and his future character, that he has written so many letters, and that this last should be so open to exceptions. Better, indeed, if he had taken much sooner the advice of his friends in New York. Far better, if he, too, had had a Committee, like General Harrison, to conduct his correspondence, or refuse all answers. But so anxious has Mr. Clay been to propitiate all his friends in all directions, to remove all objections, to abate all prejudices, and to grasp the sceptre, that he has been writing to all parts of the country, and presenting the most inconsistent phases to North and South. One unfortunate letter has led him on to another. He writes a letter with a Northern aspect, to please the Abolitionists. A Southern friend informs him, that this letter is doing mischief to his cause in the South. Out then comes another letter, with more of a Southern aspect about it.—Mr. Cassius M. Clay goes forth as a sort of missionary to win the Abolitionists. But his revelations are so strong, as to dissatisfy the Southern palate—and out comes the "anointed chieftain" with a public letter, disclaiming some of the public remarks of the missionary—but, for fear of Mr. C. M. Clay's taking offence at this public demonstration, he addresses a private note to excuse his public letter—telling him, that he had been obliged to gainsay his declarations, because of the injury they were "likely to inflict upon the Whig cause in the States of Tennessee, North Carolina, and Georgia"—and that they "even endangering the State of Kentucky."

We cannot trace the anxious and desperate game which Mr. Clay has been playing—his electioneering tour—his multitudinous and various letters, all for effect—without losing that respect for his moral firmness, of which he had been cried up as "the great Embodiment." Who now can confide in his professions, after witnessing the fluctuations which he has exhibited in his four letters on the Texas question? What will the Abolitionists think of his apparent versatility? Beshrew us! but we now believe, that Mr. Clay will retire from the campaign, not only with defeat upon his banners, but shorn of that high character for intrepidity, and even audacity, with which he entered the contest.

We lay this last Will and Testament before our readers. We have no room for the copious remarks, which it is calculated to call forth. It places its author in a most unenviable and awkward position. No one can mistake its character. It is intended to win back, if possible, the Abolition vote, which he tells Cassius Clay, in his private letter, he (H. Clay) is "afraid" he is destined to lose. These letters (Nos. 1, 2 and 3) he had written about the annexation of Texas. The 1st was intended for the North. Nos. 2 and 3 were designed for a Southern latitude, to soften down the objections to his 1st letter. He had so completely mystified the whole subject, that some wag had said, that he must now write a 4th letter to explain his three first. And lo! here it is! making "confusion," if possible, worse confounded—and the "distracted politician," if possible, more awkward and ridiculous! This 4th letter throw of the dice, is to expunge his two

letters, Nos. 2 and 3, and brings him back to the 1st, (Raleigh) or Abolition letter.—The whole letter is weak and contemptible—showing that infirmity of purpose, which is the evidence of an eager, moon-reaching and unbalanced spirit—an infirmity of purpose, which he manifested from the very moment when he consented to write any replies at all, down to the present, last, expiring effort. We pass over the comments, which rise to our lips on reading this crude and panic-struck production. But nothing surprises us more in the whole of its contents, than that a man, who had been so much attached to Texas; who had solemnly protested against its cession in '20, and had attempted twice to recover it in '25 and '27, should now have the folly to come forward and say, substantially, "Oh! as to myself, I have no personal or individual motives for opposing, nor have I any for espousing, the measure. I have no wish myself in the matter—and all I wish is to please every body else."—Whatever be my particular views and opinions" (which he has not the courage to express), "I should be happy to see what the whole nation might concur in desiring under the conditions stated." And this declaration he now makes after the indication of his personal feelings in his recent letter. But who does not see, for what purpose this last letter is indited? Who is so blind as not to see, that Mr. Clay, alarmed by the accounts he had received about the Abolitionists, writes it to propitiate their prejudices; and, in fact, to present, of all others, this single sentence, "Nothing was further from my purpose, than to intimate any change of opinion, as long as any considerable or respectable portion of the Confederacy should continue to stand out in opposition to the annexation of Texas." But the Delphic Oracle has spoken too late. The Convention of Utica have decided against him—and upon the ground, not so much of Annexation, as of Slavery, which Mr. Clay did not anticipate, and does not meet in this last will and testament. There is another feature in this remarkable letter.—It is to be his last—and in it he goes apparently the whole against Texas—and he avows to the Abolitionists, that it is his last—that he will change no more—that the weathercock will shift no longer on its pivot—but that he will remain true, eternally true, to the unequalled declarations of his Raleigh letter against annexation.

But, whilst he addresses these pledges to the North, what will the South say of him? What hope does he hold out to them? None. He closes the door forever. Like the inscription on the poetic gates of Hell, there is "No Hope," written upon them. We shall scarcely hear Messrs. Leigh and Lyons, &c., &c., averring now, that Mr. Clay is the very man to get us Texas. Southrons! Mr. Clay has sacrificed this beautiful country for the votes of the Abolitionists, and to his own ambition. What will you say? What will you do?

From the National Intelligencer.
A LETTER FROM MR. CLAY.
To the Editors.

ASHLAND, September 23, 1844.
Gentlemen: Since my nomination at Baltimore in May last, by the Whig Convention, as a candidate for the office of President of the United States, I have received many letters propounding to me questions on public affairs, and others may have been addressed to me which I never received. To most of those which have reached me I have replied; but to some I have not, because either the subjects of which they treated were such as that, in respect of them, my opinions, I thought, had been sufficiently promulgated, or that they did not possess, in my judgment, sufficient importance to require an answer from me. I desire now to say to the public, through you, that, considering the near approach of the Presidential election, I shall henceforward respectfully decline to transmit for publication any letters from me in answer to inquiries upon public matters.

After my nomination, I doubted the propriety, as I still do, of answering any letters upon new questions of public policy. One who may be a candidate for the Chief Magistracy of the Nation, if elected, ought to enter upon the discharge of the high duties connected with that office with his mind open and uncommitted upon all new questions which may arise in the course of its administration, and ready to avail himself of all the lights which he may derive from his Cabinet, from Congress, and, above all, from the public opinion.

If, in advance, he should commit himself to individuals who may think proper to address him, he may deprive the public and himself of the benefit of those great guides. Entertaining this view, it was my intention, after my nomination, to decline any answer for publication all questions that might be propounded to me. But, on further reflection, it appeared to me that, if I imposed this silence upon myself, I might, contrary to the uniform tenor of my life, seem to be unwilling frankly and fearlessly to submit my opinions to the public judgment. I, therefore, so far deviated from my first purpose as to respond to letters addressed to me, making inquiries in regard to subjects which had been much agitated.—Of the answers which I so transmitted, some were intended exclusively for the satisfaction of my correspondents, without any expectation on my part of their being deemed worthy of publication. In regard to those which have been presented to the public, misconceptions and erroneous constructions have been given to some of them, which I think they did not authorize, or which, at all events, were contrary to my intentions.

In announcing my determination to permit no other letters to be drawn from me on public affairs, I think it right to avail myself of the occasion to correct the erroneous interpretation of one or two of those which I had previously written. In April last I addressed to you, from Raleigh, a letter in respect to the proposed treaty, annexing Texas to the United States, and I have since addressed two letters to Alabama upon the same subject. Most unwarranted allegations have been made that those letters are inconsistent with each other, and to make it out, particular phrases or expressions have been torn from their context, and a meaning attributed to me which I never entertained.

I wish now distinctly to say, that there is not a feeling, a sentiment, or an opinion expressed in my Raleigh letter to which I do not adhere. I am decidedly opposed to the immediate annexation of Texas to the United States. I think it would be dishonorable, might involve them in war, would be dangerous to the integrity and harmony of the Union, and, if all these objections were removed, could not be effected, according to any information I possess, upon just and admissible conditions.

It was not my intention, in either of the two letters which I addressed to Alabama, to express any contrary opinion. Representations had been made to me that I was considered as inflexibly opposed to the annexation of Texas under any circumstances; and that my position was so extreme that I would not waive it, even if there were a general consent to the measure by all the States of the Union. I replied, in my first letter to Alabama, that personally I had no objection to annexation. I thought that my meaning was sufficiently obvious, that I had no personal, private, or individual motives for opposing, as I have none for espousing the measure, my judgment being altogether influenced by general and political considerations, which have ever been the guide of my public conduct.

In my second letter to Alabama, assuming that the annexation of Texas might be accomplished without national dishonor, without war, with the general consent of the States of the Union, and upon fair and reasonable terms, I stated that I should be glad to see it. I did not suppose that it was possible I could be misunderstood. I imagined every body would comprehend me as intending that, whatever might be my particular views and opinions, I should be happy to see what the whole nation might concur in desiring under the conditions stated. Nothing was further from my purpose than to intimate any change of opinion as long as any considerable and respectable portion of the Confederacy should continue to stand out in opposition to the annexation of Texas.

In all three of my letters upon the subject of Texas, I stated, that annexation was inadmissible, except upon fair and reasonable terms, if every other objection were removed. In a speech which I addressed to the Senate of the United States more than three years ago, I avowed my opposition, for the reasons there stated, to the assumption, by the General Government, of the debts of the several States. It was hardly, therefore, to be presumed, that I could be in favor of assuming the unascertained debt of a foreign State, with which we have no fraternal ties, and whose bad faith or violation of its engagements can bring no reproaches upon us.

Having thus, gentlemen, made the apology which I intended, for my omission to answer any letters of inquiry upon public affairs which I may have received, announced my purpose to decline henceforward transmitting answers for publication any such letters that I may hereafter receive; and vindicated some of those which I have forwarded, against the erroneous constructions to which they have been exposed, I have accomplished the purpose of this note, and remain, respectfully, your obedient servant,
H. CLAY.
Messrs. GALES & SEATON.

From the Nashville Union.
"Who is James K. Polk?"
THE FEDERALISTS ALARMED.

No sooner was James K. Polk nominated as the democratic candidate for the presidency, than the federal papers and leaders throughout the Union, with their accustomed arrogance, cried out, "Who is James K. Polk?" and affected to treat his pretensions lightly—and said that the idea of his having the least chance to be elected was ridiculous. It was predicted that they would find out who he was in November, and the prediction is being verified. All their movements prove that they are, in truth, greatly alarmed; and all their newspapers, great and small—all their great and small bodies, are laboring incessantly to stay the current of the popular sentiment, which they cannot fail to see is running rapidly against them, and sweeping James K. Polk into the presidential office. They see and fear the result of the contest, and are almost desperate.

They have ceased to cry out, with the haughty arrogance always inseparable from federalism, "who is James K. Polk?" They have found out who he is. All their papers are filled with long and labored articles to prevent his election. The National Intelligencer, at Washington—the leading organ of federalism—is now constantly discoursing about this unknown James K. Polk. As a sample of their intimate acquaintance with him, in that paper of the 7th instant, is a labored article of between five and six columns, devoted to a review of his claims and qualifications for the presidency. In the Nashville Whig of the 17th inst., is an article of between nine and ten columns devoted to James K. Polk.

Webster, Seward, John Quincy Adams, Slade, and the whole federal hierarchy of the North and East, have found out "who James K. Polk is," and that he is to be the next President of the United States, unless they can slander him out of his

well-earned character and reputation before the people. Crittenden and the notorious Graves, from the neighborhood of the "embodiment of whiggery," have been sent over to Tennessee to help Bell, Foster, Jarragin, and the rest of their leaders, to prevent the election of this same James K. Polk.

All their efforts are vain; their slanderous misrepresentations are harmless. The real people—the great masses—have risen in their might, and the march of the Democracy is onward.

Since the harmonious nomination of Silas Wright for governor of New York, of Shunk for governor of Pennsylvania, and of Thompson for governor of New Jersey, they see the resistless current of democracy sweeping over those States; and driven almost to despair, are struggling with almost frantic rage to avert the fate which they see awaits them in November.

A party with desperate prospects will resort to desperate means. They are misrepresenting every act of Governor Polk's public life. They take garbled and incomplete passages from this speech and that report, and suppress the balance; they give this vote and suppress all other votes in the same connection; and in this way present to the public the most palpable falsehoods, and hope to impose them on a confiding public for truth. A full illustration of this course of political warfare is to be found in the article of nine or ten columns in the Nashville Whig of the 17th. That article is but a sample of many others of the kind, which we have seen recently.

Tennesseans!—whig as well as democrats—will you not rise in your majesty and stand by your brethren of the Old Dominion—of the Keystone and Empire States—of the democracy of the whole Union, in placing your own citizen in the first office, not only of this country, but of the world?

To furnish a President of the United States is a most distinguished honor to any State. But five States in this Union, (during more than fifty years) have ever furnished a President of the United States.—The democracy of the twenty-six States, assembled in council, voluntarily offer this distinguished honor a second time to Tennessee. What Tennesseean does not feel proud that he is a Tennessean, when he reflects, that out of all the distinguished men of the Union, a citizen of Tennessee, who did not seek or expect it, has been selected as the candidate of the whole Union?

Will Tennessee reject the honor which has been offered to her, by refusing to ratify, by her vote in November, the nominations which have been made? We are satisfied, from all the signs around us, she will not. We know she will not. The pure republican principles of her people forbid it. Her own future glory as a State forbids it. Virginia—noble Virginia, is now looked to as the mother of Presidents. Whenever her sons emigrate, they proudly point back to the land of their birth, and claim the glory of their native State as their own. Let Tennessee take her stand by the side of Virginia; and let her sons, too, when in future time they may chance to be in distant climes, point back to the glory of Tennessee, the cherished home of their birth. We have not a remaining doubt, but that James K. Polk will be chosen President of the United States in November next; without the vote of Tennessee; but as Tennesseans, we have a pride that Tennessee should aid by her vote in consummating this great event. We have not a doubt she will do so. And when the election shall be over, and James K. Polk be placed in the Presidential Chair, we trust all our federal adversaries will by that time have learned who this James K. Polk is.

MARRIED MEN.
BY ONE WHO KNOWS THEM.

A man is born a Betty, he may be born a genius, mechanic, musician, poet or financier. The Betty may adore his wife and children, be an honorable man of business, and acquit himself of all those duties which society imposes, but his home will still be disagreeable.

Breakfast is served. The wife takes up the morning paper, while she sips her coffee, and our domestic gentleman amuses himself by making toast. For a few moments he is absorbed in silent contemplation of the glowing embers, but in a short time he calls the attention of his wife, and says, "did you put a stick of wood on the fire last evening, after I went out?"

"A stick of wood, my dear! What did you say?"
"I was not talking Hebrew, I believe. When I went out last evening, at nine o'clock, there were two sticks on the fire, a large and small one—enough to last till bed time. I don't want to prevent your burning as much fire as you please, but I want to keep an exact account; for this morning I found three brands. Now, how could there be three brands if you did not burn a third stick?"

"Ah! my dear, how vexatious you are; some times. I may or may not have put on more wood. I am trying to read an article which interests me, and you must needs interrupt me about a paltry stick of wood!"

The domestic gentleman is silent, and contents himself with whistling to himself in a low tone, a thing which he is in the habit of doing when he is dissatisfied with a reply.

At breakfast the butter arrests his attention.

"How much did you pay for this butter?" he asks.

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"Don't know! Good heavens! what do you mean?"

"The servant purchased it."

"You learned the price from her, of course?"

"Yes, yes—I remember, it was thirty-six cents, I believe."

"You believe! Here! Sally, Sally!"

The servant makes her appearance and is arraigned before the domestic man.

"How much was this butter, Sally?"

"Thirty-six cents, sir."

"Thirty-six cents a pound?"

"Of course—it was not thirty-six cents a firkin," replies the young lady, with a disdainful and rather daring curl of the lip;

and as she leaves the room she indulges herself with the housemaid's luxury of slamming the door behind her.

"Thirty-six cents a pound!" repeats the domestic man. "Thirty-six cents! It is truly capital to think of! I ate some capital butter at Bilson's the other morning, and he only paid thirty-two cents."

Bilson's butter was the better of the two."

When the housemaid commences the daily task of sweeping the room—a task which would seem to carry its reward with it, to judge by the cheerful zeal with which it is commonly performed—the domestic husband is always before the servant's broom, peering into every corner, solicitous to detect cobwebs, and pushing his scrutiny into every hole and corner.

Some time before the dinner hour, he is accustomed to make a solemn tour of the kitchen. He is an habitual lifter of the pot-lids, and inquisitor of tin-kitchens and reflecting bakers. If the old fashion of roasting meat is still honored in his family; he draws his stool to his chimney corner; and bakes the crown of his head as he bends over the fire, and whips up the turn-spit into a full gallop. He hovers over an unknown dish, in a doubt awhile, and then summons the cook.

"What have you here?"

"Fricassee chicken, sir."

"Have you put in any mushrooms?"

"Certainly, sir."

"It is very singular—I can't find any."

Ah! here I have one—yes, yes, it's all right. Do we have soup, to-day?"

"Don't you see the pot on the fire?"

"Very true. But let me tell you, you spoil your soups by putting too many vegetables in them. Now how many carrots did you put in?"

"I'm sure I don't remember. Must I count them now?"

"It will be as well. Stop, I'll do it for you. I should not be surprised if there were half a dozen."

And the gentleman commences a painful search for the orange-colored vegetables; in the course of which he receives sundry splashes from the unctuous & savory soup; and finally in tasting a spoonful of the compound rather prematurely, he scolds his mouth severely, without, however, receiving the least sympathy from the cook, to whom such an occurrence seems to give peculiar satisfaction. An accident of this kind usually puts an end to his quest, and he leaves the kitchen with diminished dignity. The Betty is the peculiar aversion of the cook. Indeed your cook seldom remains long in the service of your domestic man—she soon demands her wages and quits his roof—but the lady of the house is debarred the enjoyment of the servant's privilege—for such the scandalous world asserts that she considers it.

The wonders of corn cutting will never cease. The other day a travelling chiropodist not only extracted a corn from a gentleman's foot, but actually succeeded in removing a "Bunyan" from a bookcase; without the owner being aware of it.

Conversing one day with a fashionable and pretty belle, the fascinating Mr. L— observed: "Ladies that flip wished to be kissed." The young lady, who had spoken very unaffectionately before, happily replied, "Tho' I've heard that—"

A Good One.—It is a shame to make the Presidents of the United States give their countenance to such a business, said a lady on observing a sign having thereon painted the likeness of all the Presidents hanging before a tavern.

Another specimen of modern refinement may be seen in the fact that the old-fashioned and favorite expression—"go the whole hog," has been changed to—"I locomote the entire swine."